

Letter from Eliza Symonds Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, April 10, 1875, with transcript

Brantford, Ont., Can., Home, Sunday, April 10th, 75. (Prof. A. Graham Bell, 292 Essex Street, Salem, Mass. U. S.) My dear Aleck,

I have written so recently, that there is but little to communicate. I however do not miss the usual writing day, hoping that a line from home may cheer you in the midst of your perplexities. The contest you are involved in makes us feel very unhappy and uneasy about you, for we fear some serious bodily ailment will result from so much mental excitement. The worst of it is, that even if you gain the cause, that restless brain of yours will be stretching after something else, still more obtuse and without end. You will be glad to hear that the business with Mr. Brooks is satisfactorily settled, and that your Uncle is now the owner of our neighboring wood. He and Aunt Ellen are here today, and there is nothing since yesterday morning, but planning and building. The house I fancy, will be something like ours. We had a gentleman here yesterday, who professes to find a suitable spot for digging a well, by means of a forked branch of a cherry tree, or the branch of any tree bearing stone fruit. Well, suitable localities were pointed out, by the branch resolutely bending down horizontally in spite of every effort to keep it perpendicular. We all tried it with 2 the same results, but Aunt Ellen continued to try it everywhere, and everywhere the branch went down, and so she and I lost faith in the test. I have been in the habit of believing that water would be found in any place provided you dig to a sufficient depth. The family must be out of their present house, by the first of May, and Aunt talks of putting up the barn first of all, and some of them can live Gipsy fashion in it. We can accommodate some of them having just now, three vacant bed rooms. When you come home in July, the house will we expect, be pretty far advanced. The dale part of the property corresponding with our dale, has been entirely cleared of trees. This has thrown open the view of a much larger portion of the river, than we had before from Eagle Seat. I fancy the house will be

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erected very near your old friend the apple tree. We have not seen Carrie since I wrote last, nor have we heard from England. The waters are now drying off the face of the earth, but we have had no grand ice rush as of old. A great many trees have fallen, though from the opposite bank, and the run just at the bridge, falls with as much disturbance as one of the rapids of the St. Lawrence. I have my say, and must bid you good night. Hoping devoutly that your next letter will bring us better intelligence, our hearts are with you, and we wish to be with you in person. With joint love from,

Your affectionate Father and Mother, E. G. Bell.